

# Light of Truth.

Exponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## Led to the Light.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XI.  
THE MOTHER OF CAIN.

Although Jane Grey had received from the mother of Howarth the most loving care and attention, sympathetic kindness, there was the ever-present wrong and feeling of dependency. Every woman has the desire to found an independent home. It is as natural as for the bird to build its nest, and brings with it the fullest measure of joy. To found a home, all her own; to ornament according to the dictates of her taste and reign within its walls, as queen of the narrow realm, fashioned and guarded by the hand of love, was her aspiration.

The mother and daughter had talked the subject over and over, as they read in the great religious journals accounts of the wonderful awakenings of the evangelist: how he had attracted multitudes, such as vast auditoriums could not hold, in Eastern cities, and in the West drawn the eager people from remote by-ways and prostrated the most proud and arrogant sinners on their knees. He was courted, flattered, and the press, with one voice, advertised his ability. If he had, indeed, become an apostle of the meek and gentle Nazarene, such as he was reported to be, he would return penitent as the prodigal son and be forgiven. As months passed and not even a letter came to his mother, the hopes, which Jane Grey nourished at first, withered. She set out with the idea that her child should not grow up without a knowledge of his father. She would instill into his mind no thought of that father other than respect, that should the father return and the clouds pass out of her life, would be trained to respect him.

Howarth's mother had been educated in the school of experience and knew the motives which actuated him better than he did himself. She was therefore less hopeful than her daughter, though not despairing. Neither had written him recently, persuaded that he would sooner or later return, and knowing that persuasion would only kindle his perversity.

"I sincerely pray that your expectations may be fulfilled," said Mrs. Howarth, "yet I would not lead you to disappointment. I have been over the path and know how little we have cause to expect."

She was a woman of fifty years, and of remarkable beauty had not lines of mental suffering been graven so deeply, and her dark hair been streaked with grey. At first gentle, yielding, and affectionate, with a countenance expressive of every thought as a lake reflects the clouds above it. She had become self-contained, strong, and positive to the influences which surround her.

"I have borne trouble which would have crushed most people into their graves," she said, "but I have kept myself above my misfortunes. I said to myself, you must live for yourself and go on. You think my son and your husband has been my only trouble. God knows that he has been enough to wring my heart asunder, yet his father inflicted tortures on me. I was the youngest, petted daughter of a merchant in Albany. Mr. Howarth came from Boston to visit that city. He moved in the best society as one aristocratically born, as aristocracy goes in this country, meaning the possession of wealth and more or less refinement of social culture. From the first meeting he held me by a strange fascination. I disliked him, because he broke down the barriers of my will and I rebelled against a closer relation. For a year I was as one in a dream, at the end of which time we were married. It was made by my mother, a social event and money lavished by my fond father. Of course, I was exhilarated by a feeling of triumph. My husband was handsome, wealthy, agreeable, and regarded with unqualified favor by my parents. I was envied by my friends for what they considered my extreme good fortune, and for another year I awakened not from my dream. He was kind, gentle, thoughtful, everything a wife could ask of a husband. My father gave me an elegant residence, and with trained servants, I was not subject to cares which press heavily on young housekeepers. My husband became a partner in my father's business and confidential adviser. Why my father should have done this; why, after a lifetime's experience, he should consult one who absolutely had none, and not only consult but act on the advice received has been a mystery to me. After a season my husband became cold and unfeeling. I was about to become a mother and was sensitive to the last degree. He would be absent for a night, for two, and, at length, for a week at a time. When I questioned he replied that he was away on business of the firm. I wept until my eyes were constantly red and swollen, and when he found me in tears he spoke harshly. The illusion was at an end. I knew he was false to me, but pride would not allow me to share my grief with my parents. One day, it was a week before your husband was born, the maid ushered into my parlor a lady elegantly costumed and of refined manners.

"Am I correct," she began, "in addressing you as Mrs. Howarth?"

"You are, madam," I replied, "whom have I the honor of receiving?"

"I dispensed with sending my card because—well, no matter, and my name is of less moment. You are married to Mr. Howarth?"

"I detected a doubting inflexion in her tone and was startled and vexed.

"Married? Nearly two years, madam."

"I am glad you are, and understand what I am about to say. I do not wish to cause you a moment's unhappiness. I know I am an intruder breaking through all social usages. I am pained to speak, as you will be pained to hear, yet I must be true to my own."

"I sat stricken dumb, for the time I felt that the catastrophe which had been impending in my mind and filling my soul with dread, had come. She began rapidly:

"I come from Boston where your husband resided. Before he came to this city he proposed to my daughter. The wedding was postponed by him for one or another pretext, and, at length, he disappeared. In grief and shame my dear daughter became a mother, and the hour that gave me a

grandchild, I lived me of her. I traced him to this city, and have come to demand assistance. I would scorn to ask it of him had not misfortune compelled me to put my pride beneath my feet."

"She paused, my senses were obscured, and the world reeled beneath my feet. At length, regaining my composure, I said:

"Madam, I do not know you. Your words are unsupported, yet I believe you. I am weak to assist you—too weak to assist myself."

"I expected to find him here."

"Oh, you will find him anywhere else than here. Perhaps at the warehouse. I do not know."

"I will write to him from my hotel, and if he does not meet me, I will bring him by a detective."

"She was a gentle woman, and sad as was my own lot I pitied her."

"To shorten my wearisome story, I sent for my father and told him all, and more, that from careless words I had heard from my husband, the business was in danger. He was alarmed as well as grieved, and, returning to his office, set an expert clerk to look over the books. In an hour's time the clerk called my father and pointed to the cashing of heavy drafts, for which there was nothing to show. The amount was found so great that the business was bankrupt. My husband did not answer the letter of my unknown visitor, and she employed a detective. Fortune attended that officer, for as he was hurrying along the street, on passing the bank he caught sight of a shadow flitting on the ceiling. A light was burning within, but a screen had been adjusted so as to conceal the interior. A casual passer would not have noticed the change, but the quick eye of the detective was at once attracted. He paused and looked at the formless shadows on the ceiling. No one had any business there at that hour, yet those shadows meant the presence of some one behind the screen. He quietly walked away until he reached the corner, when he broke into a run for the nearest police station. He found three of the best men on the force awaiting, and telling them his suspicions they accompanied him to the rear of the bank. They proposed that three enter by this door which they found open, while the other guarded the front entrance. The officers crept on their hands and knees along the passage until they came to the door of the room where they heard the robbers at work on the safe. Their revolvers in hand they rushed into the room, discharging the contents and shouting, 'Throw up your hands.' So astonished were the safe-breakers that they were hand-cuffed without resistance. As the light was turned up the detective exclaimed: 'You Howarth! I was sent out to find you, though this was the last place I have looked for you.'

"Well, let me hasten this dismal story. I was not fated to have a condemned felon for a husband, for that night, in his cell he destroyed that existence which had been destroying to others. All that ruin had been effected and his career of crime ended before he had reached his twenty-eighth year. In this he exceeded his father who ran a similar race and was arrested for forgery, least of his crimes and sent to the penitentiary in his twenty-seventh year. I learned this from my husband who was especially proud of the criminal portion of his father's life.

"My father, when he found the earnings and reputation of a life-time swept away, sank into melancholy, from which he could not rally, and died. He was soon followed by my mother. The creditors were generous, and from the wreck I was allowed to retain enough to place me above want. At such a time your husband was born. He was a winsome child and made friends of everyone who came to know him. At school he was the pet of teachers and playmates. Not until his majority did he manifest those qualities which characterized his father. I had earnestly prayed that he might not inherit his father's vices, yet how vain for me to expect otherwise. The seed of the age weed may be cared for with all the attention bestowed on the sprouting rose, and while one expands in fragrant beauty, the more attention given the other the more rank and luxuriant the growth of its bitter leaves."

"I will go to him," said Jane Grey, "and if even now he is just to me, I will overlook the past."

"Wait until he comes, my child."

"Oh, I must go. My child will accuse me if I do not. I will take him with me, and perhaps a father's love will be aroused."

"A father's love is not a mother's. I implore you; do not go."

After a long silence in which her will struggled for mastery, she exclaimed, as though speaking to herself.

"Marriage is an event for rejoicing and congratulation! Oh, God, have charity for me, I am so unlike others: others who have not drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of experience. To me there is something awful in a woman giving her life to the keeping of a man however much he may love her. I said her life, for love, though sweet as heaven, is cruel as hell. Love, oh love, thou art pure and true, and holy as a dream of paradise, but passion arrays its loathsome form in your spotless raiment and masquerades in your name. They have made a woman a slave to this wolf in stolen garments, in the name of God, proving their claim by the Bible. And the Bible said a woman was made to be a wife, and a wife was made to be a mother, and of as many children as God had ordained."

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Jane, affrighted at the sacrilegious words.

"No, no! It is not blasphemy, it is the truth. What is more horrible than for a woman to rear a child to duplicate the most hateful characteristics of its father. What more than to rear a number of the same? And yet, yet a mother will love, though her child be conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity. A child received by the arms of love; cared for by the mutual tenderness of father and mother and educated in the ways of right living, is an honor and a blessing. A child for whom the mother has been immolated, robbed of her inalienable rights to the joys of life, ought to fix the brand of Cain on the forehead of the father and make him the scorn of the world."

She paused, and hard lines indicated the struggle which had brought her face to face with the greatest social problem. She arose and said:

"I think I was wild. My thoughts run riot, and my hot words are cold to the burning thoughts they express. No, you must not go. I have suffered, and without fault of mine

reared a son to make other women suffer. Oh, why was I not allowed to temper his blood with a little of my own?"

The daughter threw her arms about her mother's neck and wept in silence. Then, without a word, retired to her room. In the morning, before anyone was astir, she took the child in her arms and walked to the depot to meet the early train.

It came, a roaring cloud of vapor through the morning mist, and, with a wild scream, thundered over the river and away, bearing the mother and child on her mission of infatuation. If we knew the future! Best we do not, or bravery would die out of the human heart. Unknowing the decrees of Fate we go on with the courage of soldiers, who know not that cannons, loaded to the muzzle await their coming, and torture and death lie in ambush. We have courage because we do not know; we are brave because Fate draws the curtain from the stage only at the last moment when appalled we stand face to face with the inevitable.

When her absence was discovered the train had been gone for some hours. There was no answer until evening, and this Mrs. Howarth decided to take. She would not allow her daughter to brave the chances of reconciliation alone.

After a tedious night's ride, she found herself on the following morning at the hotel at Fordham. She inquired if her daughter was there and found she had arrived the evening before, and was shown to her room. As rapping brought no response the proprietor was called and opened the door with a duplicate key. Jane Grey sat at the table, her head resting on her arms. The child was nestling and moaning in the bed. Mrs. Howarth took her arm to arouse her. She started up with vacant eyes and began to talk incoherently.

"Jane, dear Jane, I followed and have joined you!"

She gazed up blankly in silence.

"Do you not know me?"

There was a broken reply scarcely audible. Reason had fled. She did not recognize her mother and sat staring at the light. The knowledge of the terrible calamity slowly dawned on Mrs. Howarth, Jane Grey had been stricken with insanity. What had been the cause? She came late the day before. Had she left the house? It was not known. Had anyone called on her? The clerk said an elderly gentleman had at a late hour, staying only a short time.

"Is the evangelist Howarth in town?" asked his mother.

"I think his engagement closed last night, and he left for a new field of labor this morning by the same train on which you came. A wonderful man, madam, whom it is a blessing to know. He is a light to the world, so pure and unselfish, and devoted to the will of the Master. Not only is he the most eloquent of preachers he is one of the most perfectly honest men."

Mrs. Howarth cared for the wants of the child and brought it to its mother. If anything could arouse her from the lethargy, which chained her faculties, the child would be successful. He wanted to go and put his arms around her neck and called her. She bore his attentions with the passivity of a wooden image, then said wearily, "What is this? Go away." The child sought to attract her by pulling her hair, patting her cheek, and kissing her without gaining the least notice. Then it began to cry, and Mrs. Howarth took it sadly from the arms that were dead to its love.

Tears came to the eyes of the proprietor. "Dear madam," he said, "you have my sympathy and whatever assistance I can give you will be cheerfully rendered."

"It has come so suddenly I am at a loss to decide what is best," she replied, "there appears to be but one thing to do, and that is for us to at once return to my home."

"It would be a dangerous attempt, for she might suddenly grow unmanageable. I presume, however, a physician would decide that matter."

On this suggestion a doctor was called in. After an hour in questioning and examination, he pronounced the patient suffering from dementia, which sounded very learned and scientific, and being another name for insanity, could not be far out of the way. His art and knowledge could not, however, penetrate to the deep nerve centres where the invisible atoms of the subtle poison wrought to paralyze their action and hold the swift spiritual forces at bay. It was a mysterious case to the doctor, although he, with wise look, did not so acknowledge it. He pronounced it as probably incurable, because, if it so proved, it would demonstrate his superior knowledge. Should reason return under his treatment it would be a feather in the cap of his skill. Fortunately, he said, the diathesis indicated a form passive and obedient, which rarely developed into violence. It was an exceedingly interesting case, and he would, above all things, like to treat and watch its development, yet he thought by taking a thorough sleeper, she might be safely conveyed to her home.

Thus was it arranged for the evening train. The patient sat all the long day, murmuring at times to herself; manifesting no intelligence; her eyes vacant and soulless. Her body was alive, her spirit had apparently gone. All day the mother cared for the fretful child, and watched for some change in the aberrant mind of her daughter. At noon it began snowing, and the world was wrapped in a falling atmosphere. The wind sighed mournfully as though in sympathetic suffering. Oh, human heart, how art thou attuned to feel the moods and phases of the changing world!

The waiter came with food, which the patient pushed aside. She ate only as her mother fed her, the touch of the food on her lips, seemed for the moment to awaken reflex action and she would mechanically take the offering. The new-made friends were very kind, and gave her every assistance, and with the train that evening, Mrs. Howarth, overwhelmed by the terrible disaster, departed with her pitiable charge. Had she known that this horrible crime rested on her son how much more poignant would have been her grief.

SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF CAIN.

(To be continued.)

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## "THE EVERLASTING GHOST."

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Under this caption the "Editor's Table" in the *Popular Science Monthly*, for March, regales the skeptical appetite with a choice spread of agnostic science. Of all people, Spiritualists should respect honest doubt, and encourage the fullest expression from those whose mental habits bar them out of the "Holy of Holies," which the angels have opened to more favored classes. In criticizing our critics we should set an example of generosity and liberal fairness not often found in the attacks of scientific (?) opponents. The *Popular Sci-*

ence *Monthly* "is a great civilizer," and one of the most useful public educators, notwithstanding its persistent exhibitions of skeptical contempt towards everything that savors of Spiritualism. This may be the result of scientific training; but from the air of ridicule and irony that appears in all these editorial banquets, I am led to suspect that prejudice is the strongest factor in shaping the ideas of Spiritualism and serving them up at the "Editor's table." It seems that Rev. H. A. Haweis has been writing about ghosts and occult phenomena for the *Fortnightly Review*, and has drawn support—real or imaginary—from the reported experiences in the long past, especially those recorded in the Bible. Such support ought to be valid with Christians; but the editor of the *Monthly* evidently rejects all ghost stories as worthless gossip, whether in sacred or profane history, or current literature. This is at least consistent so far as it goes, and we can have more confidence in the judgment of one who is consistent with himself, however obtuse he may appear, than in one who accepts without question the ghost of Bible lore, and spurns the same class of experiences when attested by honorable men and women of the present day.

The ghost that appeared to Jacob and enjoyed a midnight rough-and-tumble, and continued until the approach of day compelled him to go; the levitation of Elijah and Philip; the tongues at Corinth, etc., seem not to move the scientific editor from his doubting gravity any more than modern facts. He says, "Our obstinate incredulity is not shaken even by the statement given on the authority of the psychological society, that out of seven thousand sane persons, one woman in twelve and one man in ten had had 'experiences of an occult character.'" On the contrary, the editor is "moved to congratulate the gentler sex on their appreciably more restricted converse with the works of darkness." The comments upon spirit photography are amusing. Referring to a case in which a young lady recognized some miniature faces that appeared on the plate around her own, "as the face of a rejected lover who had died," the editor queries after the following style: "Why this young man took up the plate with so many different specimens of his face, and how he managed to prevent the rest of his spectral body from being taken, and why he stood so far away from the loved ones to come out so small that he had to be explored with a magnifier, are questions on which we fear it would be vain to express any light."

"Was he all face in his lifetime? Did the minuteness of his spirit-image signify the smallness of the place he had held in the young lady's affection, or did the stand he took, far in the background, signify the distance at which the young lady had kept him?" "It is said the young lady recognized the likeness; but was this young lady wholly veracious, or was she indulging a fond fancy that the swain was still hovering around her with his face?" "Who knows but that, as the young lady gazed, conviction may have grown, and the blur have passed through various phases before it finally came out a rejected lover?" "Until a good deal more of corroborative evidence is forthcoming we prefer to assign the chief share in the whole business to the young lady's imagination, and the remainder to somebody else's credulity." If this were an isolated case of spirit photography no amount of "corroborative evidence" would be sufficient to establish the reality; because natural law is continuous, and under like conditions produces like results. If one bonafide photograph of a spirit can be taken, we have every reason to expect others may be, and if all other attempts fail, the irresistible conclusion would be that there was some mistake about the one fact supposed to have occurred in the presence of two or three persons.

The editor of the *Monthly* evidently does not know that spirit photography has been established by "corroborative evidence" that compelled the prejudice of the courts to yield to overwhelming proofs, presented under the most searching scrutiny, and the witnessed cross-examined by the sharpest lawyers, right in his own city; and the claims of the medium triumphantly vindicated.

The prejudices of the editor in question have doubtless held him aloof from the subject, and however plentiful the "corroborative evidence" he is not likely to find them. I have heard Christian devotees affirm with great assurance that there is no evidence that this earth is older than six thousand years; that the divinity of the Scriptures had never been refuted; that there was no evidence in science or history against the cosmology of the Pentateuch. The prejudices had barred out all "corroborative evidences" on the side of the skeptic, as the skepticism of scientific (?) Agnostic closes the avenues of the mind against the very evidence they profess to seek. This "Editor's Table" includes in the relishes served up to its readers a somewhat remarkable statement, coming as it does from a devotee of science and truthful accuracy; and one who demands through knowledge of any subject before accepting conclusions. Hear it: "The world is still waiting for the very first message of any practical importance, coming from a well-authenticated ghost." On this point it may depend entirely upon the estimate of the recipient, as to what is of "practical importance." In this same number of the *Monthly* is an article of five pages on "East Central African Customs." Referring to Don Santos, who wrote of Eastern Africa as early as 1586, the writer says: "One fact he does record which is of deep interest, and that is that near Tete, on the Zambezi, men and women were confined in regular pens like cattle and slaughtered for food as required." This "message" from the "dark continent" is evidently regarded as of "practical importance," but a message from the light continent, bringing "glad tidings of great joy" to millions of the human family, who have friends already there, and whither they expect shortly to go and meet them, has no "practical importance" to the editor of the *Monthly*. It is intensely interesting to study the habits, and trace the legends of the wild cannibals of Africa and study the chatter of monkeys and study the habits of ants and beetles; but any message from the land of souls is valueless, unless it brings some such "practical information" as that the savages on the Zambezi once ate each other; and of course science and civilization is greatly benefited by such "message of practical importance." To demonstrate the continued life of man, establish communication between this world and that to which all are going, to exchange loving sentiments, and discuss the profoundest problems that ever engaged human attention, and reveal the existence of a boundless world in touch with this, with a flow of spiritual life quickening all the dormant sensibilities and giving a new impetus to every moral movement, has no "practical importance" to the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*. Verily, our tastes differ according to aspirations. Monkeys and cannibals interest one class; men, women, angels, and immortals are more attractive to others. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

### What Spiritualism Has Accomplished.

Hudson Tuttle.

It is repeated by those not acquainted with the progress of Spiritualism, that it has accomplished nothing, and has no significance in the march of events. Many Spiritualists are prone to accept the same view, and, content with the phenomena that prove to them that their friends exist beyond the shadow of death, see no other meaning. It may be thought unwarranted to claim the progress of this half-century, material as well as spiritual, as the result of the advent of Spiritualism in its modern significance; yet if we carefully study this most important era in the history of man, one with which for rapidity of changes and advancement none can be compared, one to which in far-reaching results the first centuries of the Christian era only holds likeness, we find that these changes have direct relation to Spiritualism.

It is scarcely possible for us now to appreciate religious or scientific thought as it existed at the time of the advent of Spiritualism.

The theory of evolution was not formulated, and the attempts to explain creation outside of the story in Genesis, was regarded as sacrilegious. The infidel fought with the weapons given him by Voltaire, Hume, and Paine, all of whom were regarded by Church members as akin to the devil, and having no rights which believers were bound to respect. There was endless disputation over words, with words, and nothing but words. Criticism was coarse, unappreciative, and dishonest. Public opinion was arrayed on the side of the Churches, and he who thought differently was looked on with suspicion, and the ways of his life made more difficult. Free religion and Agnosticism were unknown. The Churches relied on the Bible and that alone, and the highest scholarship was devoted to revising and correcting the Scriptural text as of more value than anything else.

Evolution has determined the law of causation. Agnosticism by doubting has shaken the very citadel of belief, and emphasized the teachings of Spiritualism by contrast. The Agnostic claims to know little, and that the world knows less—there may be a God and a spirit world, but no one has proven the existence of either. Oh! it is a glad relief when Spiritualism furnishes the evidence of that spirit life.

Coincident with the advent of Spiritualism came a mighty flood of thought. The Churches were liberalized, the people instructed, and old ideas gave way to new.

Those who lectured on Spiritualism at first had the old ideas to combat and stubborn points of superstition to overcome. They were of necessity iconoclastic levelers instead of builders. They armed themselves often after the manner of Paine, and were content with verbal warfare. That phase is outgrown, and discussion conducted on such lines is uninteresting.

Evolution fought no battle with the Mosaic account of the creation, which for thousands of years had been accepted in its literal sense as the foundation of a vast and complex theological system. It fought no battle, but quietly presented the true method by which the creation was evolved from chaos. It made no comparison, yet the Mosaic story faded from view, becoming less and less seriously regarded, until it is now a dead letter on the pages of the theological law-book. Science has illumined the dark places with the electric light of thought, and the old obsolete dogma is retained only in appearance. The preachers, whose highest ambition was to expound the mysteries of doctrine, now seek to present the freshest thoughts of thinkers outside as well as within the Churches, and are successful in proportion as they do so. The day of dogma has gone by and that of knowledge has dawned.

The mental world is stirred to its very depths and agitated as never before. The old landmarks have been swept away; and when questions are discussed in the old way, by appeals to Bible texts and the testimony of the Fathers, men smile at the childishness of the disputants. Inventions constantly exceed the wonders of yesterday; the speed of engines increases; the telephone directly connects us with distant places; the telegraph fathoms the ocean; electricity lights and warms our dwellings, and propels the flying cars,—and yet all these physical inventions, and the changes they have wrought in the manners of life, are as nothing compared to the changes in the realm of thought. The most conservative sects, even the Catholics, have been seized by the spirit of unrest.

The whole mass of humanity is seething under some potent influence, like an ocean under whose fathomless abysses volcanic forces upheave the oozy bed, and dash the waves contending, or roll them in mighty volumes to remotest shores. There is no longer rest in the bosom of the Church, and the lingering superstition which causes the children to follow after the footsteps of their parents, the scientist comes in and explains as the lingering taint of heredity, inherited from a long line of Church-going ancestors, and hence not to be combated by evidence but to be outgrown, as man has outgrown his savage instincts.

No rest in the Church with its established creed, and the assembled worshippers listen with a complacent smile to the well-worn sermons they do not believe, which are obsolete, outgrown, and untrue. They hope the laity will not protest, and the laity sincerely hope the ministers are not as foggy as their words imply. The Church fabric is honey-combed with doubts, and new ideas are everywhere forcing out the established faith of the Fathers. Heresy is rampant, and the heretical minister draws the crowd, for he has something fresh to say.

Does the theory of the normal growth of the race account for this unparalleled movement? Man has advanced in all directions in the last half-century more than in the past three hundred years; in fact, made such gigantic strides that no length of period is comparable, for his progress has been along new lines. Can the unprejudiced mind refer effects so tremendous to ordinary causes? Does not the events of these years point to other forces working independently of human effort? Is it not patent that when the gateway was opened by which the spirit world might enter, and communicate with mankind, that thought would be stimulated by this supernatural contact? The accumulated attainments of ages of culture of ideas and invention, in spirit life, have been poured into the minds of men, with more and more precision and freedom, as their means of communication are perfected. The recognized mediums who have given tests of identity and personal messages have been only as the waves indicating the movement of the tide.

The rap has gone around the world, and broken down the breastworks of superstition. It has been heard in the humble cabin, bringing balm to the aching heart of the bereaved mother; it has been listened to by emperors and czars, and given them ideas of rightful government. The emancipation of the serf in Russia, of the slave in the United States, it suggested and advised.

There are more believers in the Churches to-day than without their folds. There is a large library of its literature and periodicals in almost every language of Europe.

Even in Australia it is represented by one of the most able journals. The advance of Spiritualism has been along the lines of the new order of scientific thought, in harmony with and leading the spirit of the age.

Thus far it has not been an organized force, except as such organization existed in the spirit world. Now the times portend the necessity of concerted action.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

### TRUTH'S GREAT STRUGGLE.

O. W. HUMPHREY.

That the consolidation of Spiritualists is rapidly becoming an important consideration is proven by events which are occurring in this and other localities.

In one of the local daily papers of February 25th appeared an item which stated that anonymous letters had been received by the authorities in which were allegations of fraud against mediums in general. One of the letters commenced with the words, "Spirits shows are now ripe for picking." The letters, being anonymous, modified their effect, and it was suggested that as spiritualistic seances were the outgrowth of religion, so called, therefore mediums should not be made to pay a license, and the matter should be turned over to the district attorney for his opinion. This was liberal, so far as it goes, but it was noticeable that the lieutenant of the police had officers in citizens garb, at one of the Sunday evening meetings, and possibly at both halls. Perhaps the lectures and tests produced a favorable impression, but when it is known how much opposition there is to the cause, certainly some action should be taken.

Of course, to treat the matter fairly, there is real cause for complaint. There are bogus mediums and fraudulent phenomena, and here is the important point. Societies should take the matter in hand and endeavor to eliminate fraud. This must be done sooner or later. The spiritual press should not evade this question, but give it the consideration it requires.

The recent case in court of a well-known materializing medium illustrates how necessary it is to examine into the merits or demerits of professional mediums, and render judgment accordingly. But whatever might be the rendition of judgment in this particular case I allude to, certainly the treatment of the principals and witnesses in the case by the prosecuting lawyer was the most infamous and dastardly on record. Men with gray hairs, which should have entitled them to at least respect and courtesy, were made the butts of taunts and jibes that would rouse the indignation of every Spiritualist. Where is our protection? Only last Winter a scurrilous article was published in a particular sheet here which seems to take a pronounced delight in so doing, which was a miserable libel on the characters of a gentleman and his wife (the latter a materializing medium), the act of a contemptible reporter, hired to do this slimy task. Consider the unhappiness caused by such an act. Our cheeks must bear the blush of shame for the want of energy. If Spiritualism is a truth, and we are right, then Spiritualists should present a bold front. There is very, very much to accomplish. Before the flood comes the tide should be pent up. There is much secret undermining which betrays itself only to the watchful eye.

The platforms of both societies have been rendered attractive lately by able lecturers and good mediums. Mrs. Nellie Brigham held forth for the month of February, following Professor Peck, with Miss Maggie Gaulle giving tests.

The Seekers After Spiritual Truth, who have had some slight internal commotion, resulting in a sporadic casting-off of a seed which is taking root elsewhere, are doing well, although somewhat handicapped by a small accumulation of ball rental, which occurred by reason of an unfortunate entertainment, which failed to net a profit. This, however, was a lesson, as it signified that the public desires phenomena, and not church methods of amusement.

We expect to have the assistance of Brother Altimus, clairvoyant and singer; Sister Amelia Whitman, automatic writing medium; a lady from Brooklyn, who sings in three distinct voices, and a local guitar and mandolin club at our Wednesday evening sociables. We are having as lecturers Mr. Henry Frank, who is an interesting personality, to say nothing of his gift of speech, which is remarkable. He has come out of the straight and narrow path of orthodoxy, and is on the broad highway to Spiritualism. He wants to be thoroughly convinced. Mr. McCreery is an economist, and has a style of oratory which always attracts. He unselfishly labors for the good of his kind. Dr. Kent and Dr. Bland are listened to with interest. Both are gentlemen of erudite education, whose instruction is valuable. Sister Whitman gives writings, and Dr. Henry J. Temple, a personal friend of Mr. Frank, gives tests.

Wednesday evening, February 22d, Mrs. Emner, a member of the society, gave a public materialization in Typographical Temple. This is the first occurrence of this kind in this city in a public hall. Her seances are remarkable, but I will not take the space to describe them now. They demand a separate article.

There is ample room now for a good test medium. Will such forward the address and endorsements to The Seekers After Spiritual Truth. Please address O. W. Humphrey, secretary, 226 Prospect Street, Washington, D. C.

### MATERIALIZATION IN DALLAS, TEXAS.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

We were of a circle of ten persons, male and female, who attended a materializing seance by Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, of Houston, Tex., at the McLeod Hotel, on the evening of the 22d ult., and the statements we herein make we are willing to make affidavit to.

The cabinet in which the medium was incased was a simple construction of black Canton flannel thrown over a cord in the corner of the room, some six feet high, and so constructed that the cloth parted readily in the center. Cloth of the same material spread on the floor in front of the cabinet, and also tacked on the whitened walls, and upon a close examination we failed to find anything upon the walls or floor that was the least suspicious. The light was so arranged in a simply constructed box, with one candle, that Mr. Gilman could regulate it by raising or lowering the lid of the box.

When the hour arrived for the seance to begin, Mrs. Gilman took her seat in the cabinet, and the curtains were closed by Mr. Gilman. In a few minutes a coarse voice like that of an Indian emanated from the direction of the medium, saying, "Good evening, friends." "This," says Mr. Gilman, "is White Feather, the medium's control, and is using her vocal organs."

After a short song service two other voices came from the cabinet—one, the voice of a man, and said to be that of Spirit Owens, emanated from near the top of the cabinet, and the voice of a child, which came from one corner of the cabinet, bidding us "good evening," when a form in pure white came from the aperture in the cabinet, and called a gentleman forward and conversed with him in a whisper that was heard by the sitters. At the same time the medium in a deep trance was brought out in full view of the sitters, which was proof positive to us that the form talking to the gentleman was not that of the medium. "Little Birdie," the child spirit, whose baby voice was heard in the cabinet, has been

in spirit life long enough to manifest as a young lady, but she prefers to come as a sweet little child; her baby talk was pleasing to all in the circle. The second form that came out was the mother of W. S. Page. She came out six feet from the cabinet, and placed her arms around the necks of himself and brother, whispering distinctly these words: "Live right, and meet me in heaven."

The spirit daughter of J. C. Watkins was the next to come, and at the cabinet, facing her father and mother, whispered these words: "Mamma, papa, I will come if I can." In a few moments she gained sufficient strength and moved seven feet from the cabinet, and placing her hands around her father and mother, kissed and blessed them as lovingly as ever in earth life.

"Bessie Moore," a beautiful female spirit, was the next to come to W. S. Page. She had promised him through his own organism that when the conditions were favorable she would show herself to him, and she made this promise good by coming to the aperture and announcing her name to him, and the medium knew nothing of this promise. His mother had on several occasions made the same promise. J. C. Watkins and his wife had been told on several occasions through their own organisms that their spirit daughter Gena would materialize with a home medium, and show herself to the loved ones; and the medium is a native Texan, and did not know this.

"Bessie Moore" came the second time to W. S. Page and requested him to rise, and as he did so she moved the chair close to the cabinet, seating herself therein; and while W. S. Page was standing by her side she dematerialized in plain view of him, and as he made an effort to replace the chair, she re-materialized in the chair and said to him: "Did you see me come and go?" The sitters all saw this.

"Chickawee," an Indian maiden, came out and gave all the sitters an opportunity to see her face and long black hair. She took W. S. Page by the arm and led him the full length of the circle, and carried him near the light that he might know from sight that she was an Indian.

Other spirits came and were recognized by the sitters as their loved ones.

"Beatrice," a beautiful female spirit, one of the medium's band, came out to W. S. Page, and taking him by the arm, asked him if he desired to look into the cabinet; going forward, she led him to the cabinet and showed him the medium in her chair, with little "Birdie" by her side. She then called J. C. Watkins forward, and he witnessed the same.

Little "Birdie" then materialized outside the cabinet, and sang two beautiful songs in her baby voice, and going forward to W. S. Page she sat in his lap, and he has no doubt about that, for he both saw and felt her.

"Carrie Adams," one of the medium's controls, materialized one foot from the cabinet, and in a voice of the sweetest angels gave us this advice: "Good evening, friends; I am Carrie Adams. I am glad to see so many interested. I have been in the spirit world a long time, and, oh, how sweet to know there is no death; it is only a change. Speak evil of no one, live pure, spiritual lives, and bright will be your entrance into the spirit world. My strength is failing: I must go. Good-bye." She then dematerialized in plain view of all the sitters.

In conclusion we will say that this was a "Pentecostal day" with us, and if there was the least spark of doubt lurking in us about man's immortality, that spark has forever been extinguished.

W. S. PAGE.

J. C. WATKINS.

P. S. Since writing the above, the medium has been securely locked in a wire cage, and more than twenty forms came out and were recognized. *Ibid.*

(Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

### Remarkable Slate-Writing from an Historical Spirit on an Historical Subject.

HENRY HICKMAN.

On Sunday afternoon, February 19th, in Maranthon Hall, Cumming Street, a public test was given by H. D. Dwelly, the President of the Society, on the phenomena of slate-writing. This was the first test ever given by him in public, in fact his mediumistic abilities as a slate-writer having but very recently developed. No slate-pencil or instrument of any kind is used. The slate is simply held under the table by persons sitting thereat, and the medium waves his hand above the slate. The scratching sound of pencil-writing is distinctly heard, and the pressure, as of a human hand, is felt upon the slate by those holding it. Full light is always used.

Upon the date above named a short message was received, as follows:

"I am here. John Brown, marching on."

On Sunday night, February 26th, at the medium's home, John Brown again made his presence known by a short message signed simply, "John Brown."

Upon a request by the writer that he identify himself, and give some incidents of his life by which he could be recognized, he replied:

"I am John Brown, the hero of Kansas and Harper's Ferry, Va. They thought they had got rid of me, but I am still marching on. (Signed) John Brown."

He was thanked for this, and asked if he had more to say. To this he replied:

"I am glad you all seem to be on the right road. You are walking in the right road. I will help you at any time you want me to do so. I am a worker in this cause. I am in the first sphere, and want to develop and still shed my light on mortals. I will come often to you as you are developed. I can not say more now as it is late. John Brown."

As this seemed to be a polite intimation that he was departing, the sitters wished him "Good-bye," to which he replied: "I don't want to go yet."

The writer then asked him what reason he had for coming to us. He replied:

"Because it is hard to find a medium to write through. I will come again, for I want to come often. J. B."

On Thursday, March 2d, when the President, H. D. Dwelly, and his good lady were sitting with the slate under the table, expecting messages from their own loved ones, the renowned spirit again visited them, and this is his wonderful message:

"I commenced my fight for liberty and freedom in Kansas, in the year 1854, and kept it up for three years and more. During that time I suffered many perils and privations of life—also, all of my family, and we had many narrow escapes. I was hunted down by the Southern Chivalry, and I also hunted them down in a spirit of revenge and determination. I was determined to follow that course until liberty and freedom was secure in that State. I was a thorn to them in all the undertakings of their bloody work. I was always a friend of the colored race. Thanks to the Great Spirit of all love, I lived to see that State settled a free and loyal one, with Jim Lane and Sam Houston as loyal as myself, to fight our way onward and upward until bondage should be no more."

"As I was strong and determined to pursue my course, I started with my family South, joined by a few others, to see what we could do, traveling through Southern Missouri, and Tennessee, and Kentucky, stopping at Knoxville and several other places of less importance. We journeyed along until we reached the borders of our great national capital, Washington, and the beautiful lands of Virginia, with its beautiful hills, its majestic rivers, in all their grandeur, yet bound down by the iron yoke of bondage, which I sought to unloose—myself, two sons, and twenty-one others, set the great ball in motion for liberty, which set free the whole colored race of this great Republic."

"In this undertaking we were overpowered, captured,

tried, convicted, and hung. That was the last of poor, old John Brown's earthly body. They shouted, they yelled, they hooted, they screamed, as our bodies hung dangling at the end of the string."

"They thought I was dead, but I moved right along in the spirit beyond, from where I have believed to plan the great battles and led them on to victory in the end, and also guided the minds of our great national men. Oh, that day when I spoke to our great National Father, through the lips of that sainted medium, Mrs. Maynard. Oh, bless her for the words I uttered through her—the Emancipation Proclamation, that prompted him to accomplish the great end of all work. I always stood by him as firm as a rock, and through the lips of Mrs. Maynard I spoke the firm words which buoyed him up, when the last reveille, from the bugle on high, sounded aloud through this great nation, for ever and ever. Amen. Good-bye. John Brown."

Sunday morning, March 5th:

"I want you to proclaim it to the world, and from the house tops, that I am still alive, and am still 'marching on.' My voice is heard in distant climes, and the sound will echo round the world. My spirit is ever on the move, and at the sound of the spirit bugle we collect our bands and march to mortal lands, and shed to mortal all the light of truth. Oh, glory be to the spirits from on high for such a chance to write through this medium of yours. Good-bye. John Brown."

"By Red Wolf, medium's control."

Omaha, Neb.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

### SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

MARY WEBB BAKER.

An editorial in the LIGHT OF TRUTH of January 7th, says of "A Broad-minded Minister," that "Now and then a Christian minister rises above the fogs and voices a truth in advance of his creed," and further, that "It is a matter of congratulation when a brilliant man rises in his pulpit and speaks of Spiritualism as though it had a place in the affairs of the world, instead of denouncing it as the herald of damnation, as has been the custom in the past."

That there are some ministers broad-minded enough to recognize the claims of Spiritualism, and that there are many more who are not ministers, who are evolving out of orthodox superstition and bigotry into the broader and more rational light of spiritual truth, is a matter for congratulation—as all progressive signs should be. That the light of Spiritualism is surely (if slowly) permeating and irradiating all phases of religious thought is a self-evident fact; and, although the recognition which "Christian ministers" are now giving it has come somewhat late, it is nevertheless a very significant straw pointing the trend of the thoughtful minds of the day. Though slowly following the footsteps of those who have for years seen and proclaimed the truth of this philosophy which answers the question, "any news?" with the sweet assurance, yes, there is news; our friends are not dead, they live, not gone, but are here; we shall meet again. Yet they are following, and every step taken reveals a new light. Every height gained only shows how many more are rising into view. On every hand new avenues of thought are being opened, and every new revelation made is only the advance guard of more to follow, and in the Christian Church and out, in pulpit and press, in politics as well as religion, in social and domestic life; in fact, in all things relating to the advancement and betterment of man's condition on earth can be seen the effects of the silent work which the spirit world has been steadily carrying on for so many years; and for which those who have been brave enough to stand by their convictions and co-operate with their arisen friends in this great work for humanity, have been denounced and traduced and looked upon as a set of visionaries, if not worse. But so-called Christianity awakening at last to the glimmer of the truth is slowly feeling its way, and by-and-by will step out boldly and affirm to the world.

### LITERARY REVIEW.

THE CREDIBILITY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION; Or, Thoughts on Modern Rationalism. By Samuel Smith, M. P. pp. 96. Price, 25c. Boston: H. L. Hastings, 49 Cornhill.

The first impression one gets of this little book is one of neatness. It is neatly bound in brown with black and gold ornamentation; it is neatly printed, and is a neat defense of Christianity. Yet, more, it is classically depicted, and is intended to inspire the intelligent reader with the sublimity of the subject under consideration. Where Christianity inspires to nobility of thought and action, and maintains its consistency with the teachings of its founder or him so claimed, it can not fail of its mission. It is only where it deviates from its spiritual aim, and runs into politics or incites its adherents to antagonize or hate those of their fellow mortals who do not share of their belief, that we find fault with it. But this little book does not conspire to the latter. It holds to its text, though basing its logic on what modern revelation has shown by analogy to be erroneous tradition; namely, regarding the temporary materialization of Jesus as a bodily resurrection. But this is merely due to the author's innocence in not yet having awakened to the fact that the world has had other revelations since the time of Christ. But to those who prefer to ignore the Biblical injunction to "add knowledge to your faith" we most heartily recommend the book.

From the same publisher we received a number of neatly printed five-cent tracts from his "anti-Infidel Library" concerning Spiritualism; or rather, not concerning it, in that they treat it as diabolism; and diabolism is a mythical philosophy born out of that mythical Church-bugaboo, known as the devil. But these tracts are not by the same author. Mr. William Ramsay is responsible for them, and to judge by his writings he belongs to the old brimstone-legend which has become so antiquated that even the Church of to-day abhors it. Where Mr. Ramsay expects to find a hearing that will give credence to his theories is not easily determined under the circumstances. Infidels do not believe in either spirits or devils; and with the Church abjuring his satanic majesty, and Spiritualists treating him as a fabled character, the author will hardly reach a footing with an expert writer of nursery tales. The tracts are well written and evidently for a purpose to judge by the earnestness of the writer; but the class of people who would applaud in this instance, do little credit to the one thus honored. The progressive school-boy of to-day would not be among the number. The only appreciative readers, therefore, left to the author, would perhaps be those who buy the tracts as relics of modern superstition.

CONSUMPTION AND RHEUMATISM: A Scientific Statement in Plain Language of their Origin, Treatment and Cure. By Geo. Dutton, A. B., M. D. 60 pages. Boston: Cynosure Publishing Company.

This is a book full of hope for the consumptive, for the author says: "The patient is always curable as long as there is lung enough left to create the blood." His cure is without drugs; it is "deep breathing" and proper food.

His theory of rheumatism is that improper and over-abundant food causes fermentation, which gives rise to uric (lithic) acid, and this being practically insoluble in water causes irritation, gravel, calculi, etc. Here again the diet is all important as preventative and cure. It is a book those inclined to consumption would do well to read.

### Precocious Negro Boy.

A little negro boy, five or six years old, has wrought up the negroes of Lake Rock, Ark., by giving nightly exhibitions of his knowledge. He reads books of all languages, and reads them correctly. He can turn to any designated chapter or verse of the Bible and read it as readily as any practical divine. He says Jesus Christ taught him to read, and when asked who Jesus Christ is, says he is the son of God. But he says he does not know who God is. He is phenomenal. The house is packed nightly.



## Spirit Message Department

## OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon.

At Douglass Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 2; seance begins at 3. No one admitted after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to spiritualism. 2. Must contain no enquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. Mrs. A. K. Kirby, Medium. Mrs. J. Cleo Wright, Chairman.

In justice to both the spirits and medium, we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns.

All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. C. BOWELL, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

## REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday afternoon, February 28, 1893.

## PROLOGUE.

Bright and beautiful the light of the sun this afternoon! Grand and beautiful the thoughts which flow out towards us from the higher life; and looking down into the depths of your souls, seeing many conditions with which each one of you have to contend, and understanding the sincere desire for more light we willingly draw near unto you. To those who are heavily burdened with trouble, we say, look up; to those who are a little careless and indifferent about some of the cares which surround them, and who are trying to shirk their duty, we say be true, be faithful, and we will endeavor to help you in your different states. We will try to open wide the door that you may see and understand better; and as your thoughts are thrown out towards us and we gather them in and try to reply in thought, we would have you be respectful, and understand that not always through the vocal organs do we speak, seeing in the mind of one in this room, the question, "Do the spirits speak with a voice as we speak?" and which I would answer in this way: Some times we do; some times we come close enough to enter into your conditions and receive enough strength from you to speak words that are audible; but we generally come to you in the thought wave; we bring you our love messages generally through the thought wave, and as a thought touches you, if you will only answer in thought, you will some times receive thoughts which you have longed for, which your soul is hungering and thirsting for. And, friends, whilst we gather together this afternoon, hoping that we may hear something from some of the loved ones from the other side, and hoping that we may receive some new truth, I would say that every day you are growing; every day man is becoming better and better, because the education of to-day is lifting him up and out of ignorance. There is no chain that can bind you; there is no power that can hold you for the spirit world is close beside you, and they are teaching you new truths every day; and you are also learning through experience. You are learning that man dare not stand idle to-day in any avenue at all. They must push onward and forward in every direction; they dare not stand still and allow others to over power them; they must express themselves fully and freely. Every man must be true to himself and must proclaim that which he knows to be right. Every man must stand firm for himself, firm for country, and firm for the freedom of speech.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—[By J. W. A., Kansas City, Mo.] By what law is the daily action of the spirits controlled, that which regulates their coming and communicating with earth friends, and whether these communications are given with perfect freedom on their part, or are they regulated by a law either social or supreme; and if so, of what nature is the law?

Ans.—My dear friends, spirits are not ruled by any law connected with the spirit realm that would hinder them from communicating and entering into your sphere. It is the conditions that are around each one of you that sometimes cause the spirit to withdraw quickly. Sometimes a spirit will come, and is enabled to hold and talk a long time with you. We come to you through the fullness of love. That tie which binds us to you upon the earth plane is the tie which draws us back again to converse with you; to try as best we can to carry you out and away from the many conditions which surround; to teach you more of that which is spiritual; to draw you nearer and nearer unto the divine—that divine principle which is within you—a part of the universal whole. I mean that great principle, the great over-soul, which is life in all things. You may draw away from us if you choose; but we are ever around and about you. Our love binds us to you. There is nothing that prevents our coming and going. Although we may cease talking with you; although you may not sense us, yet we are ever with you. I see arising in the mind of some in this audience a question of this kind, "If this be so how can a spirit progress on the spirit side of life?" My dear friends, while we say we are always with you, I do not mean that one spirit is always attending you, the same person. The dear mother may be with you guarding and protecting you, leading you upward, carrying you in thought to some high condition or teach you some new lesson which she desires you to learn; it may be a brother, a sister or perchance your husband or your wife; and again the loved ones may bring with them a dear little babe. How necessary it is then that you should live a pure and holy life, when you realize that even the little babe understands you better than you understand yourself. They analyze your thoughts, and with their spirit eyes see all of the blots, all of the evil that is around you. They are all understood by these dear ones. Now, friends, this is a grand and beautiful truth, so be true, loving, and kind. I am so glad that men are growing into higher conditions. They are beginning to be kinder to one another; trying to reform prison laws, and are beginning to realize that crime is not always a sin, but rather the result of ignorance, and so the spirit world is drawn close unto you and trying to teach you that there is no separation; that the spirit world and your world is closely connected. It is as a world within a world and each one of you are realizing this truth and learning for yourself the nearness of the spirits who love you.

Ques.—[By C. E. W., Benton Harbor, Mich.] When a spirit leaves the earth form, does it at once take on its etherealized or spiritual form similar to the one just left, and if sufficiently developed, go at once to its home on some planet or world away from this earth?

Ans.—Every spirit that leaves the material body takes upon itself a spiritual form like the body it just left. If it were not so, you would not know your spirit friends upon their return to talk with you. All enter into the spirit world just where they belong spiritually. They may enter into a very high condition spiritually, and they may not, owing to that which they have learnt, owing to the development of their spiritual nature. I spoke of the different spheres in spirit life before, and if you remember, I told you there were many spheres in this room and each one of you occupied your own sphere. So it is on the spirit side of life. You are spirits to-day as much as you ever will be, but you are in the material body, and you have to be incarnated in this body until your work is done upon the earth plane. There are planets that are inhabited, and there are spirits who have visited these planets and who visit them very often to learn more of the customs and lives of those who are upon these planets, but no spirit ever leaves this earth plane and immediately goes to

another planet. They do not desire to do so. They would rather stay nearer to those who belong to them, but after being on the spirit side of life for a long time and have learned all it is possible for them to learn, in their sphere or upon their own planet, they are anxious to learn more of those who are on other planets. It is of great importance that spirits should visit them and return to tell all they possibly can of them, and of that which seems to be different from their own spiritual unfoldments. There is a time in every man's life when he desires to know more, and he will then try to visit other places. No spirits have the same desire. I, too, anticipate before very long visiting the planets. I never have as yet, but if it is possible, I will go, and return with some new truth to teach you.

Ques.—[By J. F. H., Summerville, Mass.] How do the teachings of Swedenborg compare with Modern Spiritualism? How does the spirit world look upon him and his philosophy?

Ans.—If you have studied Swedenborg's teachings; if you have read all of his works, you may possibly be puzzled at some of the expressions that he makes, or at some of the experience he relates. For instance, he gives us his experience in hell. Now, friends, I have had no experience in hell. I have not found it. Again, he tells you of heaven, but he says heaven is a city and is walled in, but I have not found Swedenborg's heaven, but to-day he does not return and teach in that way. He returns to-day to your planet to talk with you. He tells you of the broader and higher truths which he has learned. In the trances which he had during his earth life he may have been carried into these conditions which he has shown, and he may have seen all that he tells of, but to-day he tells a different story. If the Swedenborgian Church of to-day were to come out and own all of his teachings, they would be Spiritualists, but they do not; they believe that Swedenborg was the only medium that ever was permitted to view the eternal city. They do not accept our doctrine; they believe that you are deceived, that you can not enter into a condition whereby you can hold communion with your loved ones, but yet their teacher, the one whom they followed, believed that communion was possible. Therefore, looking upon Swedenborg as a great man, one who first opened the door way for more liberal thought, one who taught men that they would not sit and play upon a harp all ways, who taught them there were many things to be done on the spirit side of life, I hail him as a brother; but Modern Spiritualism and Swedenborg's doctrine are quite different. If to day one of you were to pass out of the body and you were to send for one of the ministers of the Church they would not say that you lived right, that which you believed is true, but they would say it was only a delusion when you held communion with your loved ones. Friends, by and by the followers of Swedenborg will join hands with the Spiritualists and proclaim the truth, and that as Swedenborg entered into the spiritual realm and there viewed the beauties thereof, each and every one of you will do likewise.

Ques.—[By R. C. B., Red Deer, Alberta, N. W. Terr.] Do our spirit friends ever develop us without special attention to sittings when our desire is that they should?

Ans.—They do. Sincere desire or prayer is always answered by your loved ones. I have known some of the very best instruments that have been developed without giving any time for development. They have been developed through the sincere desire for more light and more knowledge and the spirits who have attended them have granted their request. How wonderful it must be when an instrument finds that he is able to stand before the public and answer question after question without a thought upon their part and without any preparation whatever, and yet this constant desire for more knowledge, more light, has been that which has brought to them this knowledge and this light. The spirit world is ever ready to make use of those who are willing to serve them and sometimes when you find persons sitting year in and year out seemingly to make no advance, then you must come to the conclusion that there is either a sincere desire or else there is some condition that the spirit world can not possibly overcome in that person's life. I know that many sit and do sincerely desire some certain phase of mediumship, and whilst they are sitting for this phase they will find that they have developed for another, and they will be surprised at the longing to go and do something quite different from that which they intended. Now, I would say to you who are desiring to work for the spirit world, do that which you feel impressed to do, or that which is held before you all the time; for in that you will make a success. All can not be speakers, materializing mediums, or healers; all can not be trumpet mediums, but each one can do that for which he is best fitted. So, friends, if there are any here who have not sat for development, and yet feel at times that pressure that would send them out to do something for us, if only to lay the hand upon an afflicted person, go and do it. Do that work, whatever work you find, do it as best you can, and the angel world will help you.

Ques.—Is the spirit world in sympathy with one in our midst who is exposing the workings of the Catholic Church?

Ans.—The spirit world is in the deepest sympathy with everyone who would banish ignorance and bring forth truth. Each one on the spirit side of life, who has been oppressed by the dogmas of the Church, and held down in its free development, is most anxious to free mortals from that which would deprive them of freedom of thought, or of freedom of speech, and that which would deprive any man, woman, or child of the means to learn all they possibly can of themselves, and of that which is beyond this life. Oh, friends, if you could see the myriads of spirits as they come to you to-day; if you could see how they are banding together as you are banded together on this side to prevent bloodshed; if you could hear the cry as it comes up from the many, many places from your earth plane, you would be satisfied to know that every move that would free you from the yoke of the Church would obtain help from the spirit side of life. I taught as best I knew, but could I re-enter my material body and stand out before the people, I would teach a different doctrine. I would teach man his own responsibility; I would teach them that they must learn all they possibly can of self; they must learn all that they possibly can of all that surrounds them; they must learn and develop themselves spiritually whilst upon the earth plane, so that they may be able to enjoy the spirit realm when they enter therein. And the Roman Church is not the one to educate man, but as the spirit world is honest and earnest, and desires the truth to be taught on this planet, you may know they are in sympathy with every one who would keep the American country free. Aye, in sympathy with all who uphold laws and the principles of free education. The laws of America ought to be such that every man who casts a ballot should be an American from the top of his head to the sole of his feet, and should stand ready, no matter what Church he belonged to, to defend the freedom of America. I tell you, brothers, the day is not far off when every man will have to stand shoulder to shoulder, and every man who comes to vote must vote true to his country. Let them examine voters and ask them: "Do you understand the Constitution of America? Do you place America before every other thing? Is America dear to your heart or are you under foreign government in America?" If they are pledged outside they can not vote. Again, friends, you should also have a law that compels every parent to send their children to free schools. You should be careful whom you put in power;

you should know what that man's sentiments are. Is he true, is he honest, would he defend all the laws of your country? If not, do not vote for him. Oh, friends, it lays with yourself who shall rule, or who shall destroy this beautiful Republic of yours.

## SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Philip R. DeWald.

Chairman and Friends: I am surprised to find myself in your midst this afternoon. When I sojournd upon the earth plane I was rather indifferent as to what became of me after I passed through the change called death, but I find now that I have passed through that change, and I am just as anxious to live as I ever was when I was in the material body. I have been quite awhile upon the spirit side of life, and I have many who are near and dear to me upon the earth plane; and whilst I talk with you this afternoon I would have you know that no matter what may be the conditions in earth life, no matter whether you lived in perfect harmony or free from contention, when you pass to the spirit side of life you are anxious to return again and abide, as it were, with those you love. So this afternoon I come that I may voice my love to my compulsion in the far away western country, that she may know that her husband still lingers near her, that he is still interested in her and the children, and that he desires to even pour out more love, more sympathy toward her, than he ever did whilst he lingered upon the earth plane, and the many conditions which came unto his life which seemed to be detrimental to him, he would have her to know that they have passed away and that he is growing every day spiritually, and that he is trying to guard and guide the children in the right path. I am fully satisfied now, and this would mean I was not at first, because all of my life was pictured out too plainly for me, and it caused me to have regrets, but I have overcome these conditions, for I have been enabled to help some often since I passed to the spirit side of life, and in that way I have tried to make amends for that which seemed to be wrong whilst I lingered upon the earth plane. He gives the name of Philip R. DeWald, and sends this message to Akron, Col.

J. C. Baldwin.

Friends, I am glad to be with you this afternoon. I have traveled a long way in spirit—you would say a long way to visit this afternoon. The distance seemed nothing to me, and I come with a fullness of love to each one of you here, for I am interested in each and every one of you. I was a minister. I tried to teach that which was right. I taught to the highest of my knowledge, and yet, friends, I am glad to be able to come back and speak in this way to you to tell you that there is no death; that we live on and on and on, and we learn each day something new. We not only learn more of the earth life and all pertaining to it, but we learn more of the spirit and all pertaining to the spiritual; and whilst I look down into the hearts of each one of you, and see the sincere desire going out that you may learn more and more, see clearer, even whilst upon the earth, the beauties of the spirit home. This is also the desire of many hearts here this afternoon; and I would say, friends, only through a pure life and pure thoughts you can become so spiritual that you can see all of the beauties of the spirit life even whilst you live here. I have been on the spirit side of life but three years, but yet in those three years I have learned much, and this afternoon in speaking to you here I am learning more. I have found that it was possible for me to take possession of this woman, a stranger, and talk with you. My name is J. C. Baldwin. I came from Portland, Ore.

Edward H. Gray.

How very strange that I should come, and yet through anxiety I feel for those who are near and dear to me, and it is for that I come this afternoon. I have been on the spirit side of life only a short time. I went out suddenly, yet I am satisfied it is better so. I desire to send a love message to my wife Mary and my two children, Charles and Gracie. I want them to know that my guardian care will be over them all ways. I am satisfied with that which has been done since I passed on. All things will be well with you. Grieve not, but know that your husband, Edward H. Gray, of Peoria, Ill., is here. He went out by fire.

Jacob Davis.

If not intruding, I would like to send a few words to my wife. She lives at Worthington, Ohio, and is in poor health, but the Indians are helping her, and I think she will improve wonderfully after the weather is settled. I impressed her right about building the house. I think she had better wait a little, and we will give her more advice on the subject. Our children, Erskine and Edith, are with me, and send love to their dear mother, brother Joe, aunt Mary, Jim Wright, and others. Angel visitors are present, and join in a cheerful greeting.

To Joseph Benson, Warren, Pa.

Tim, his control, is with us, and brings Cyrus and Victoria; they are working hard to complete his development. Tim says he impressed him when his brother passed away in Erie, what the combination was, so that he might open the safe. Their brother is well pleased with the settlement of his affairs.

Jared Beckwith.

My wife Lucy and I are glad to be with you to day, and are striving to help you all. We earnestly desire to reach our son, S. Beckwith, of St. Louis, and say we are pleased with his work, and assure him that he has our most sincere, heartfelt wishes, and that we will do all in our power to aid him. Joel and Silas are lending a helping hand.

Milton D. Barrett.

I would be glad to come into communication with Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, of Buffalo, N. Y. I would have her know that I often visit her, and give her many useful impressions. I sympathize with her and sincerely hope she will give her spirit friends every opportunity to develop her, as we find in her a grand and wonderful instrument for our work. May she progress and find happiness and comfort in her daily life.

Effie and Eddie Baker.

There stands before me a young lady, fair hair, full blue eyes, rather slender. She tells me she passed out with consumption, and she desires to send her love to her mother and father, "for I and brother were in the home on Sunday evening last and promised we would come here to-day and send a love message. Oh, mamma and papa, we are so happy, Eddie and I. We are with you every day, and we come every time that you sit and try to make our presence felt and we feel that you do feel us. Accept our undying love. Grandma and auntie are with us and they also send their love; I mean papa's mamma and your own sister, mamma. My name is Effie and brother's name is Eddie, and we send this to mamma and papa, Lee Baker, Farmer's City, Ill.

Eva Bond

Sends greeting to her father and all the dear ones in Willoughby, O., and brings Baxter Whiting. They often come to the home fire-side, and are glad the friends are getting so much light, and hope they will continue their investigation and set proper time for regular developing classes.

## The Progressive Lyceum.

## Opening Song.

I AM PERSUADED:  
I am persuaded, how to believe;  
I am persuaded, truth to receive,  
Seems now some soul to say—  
Come, spirit, come thy way;  
On this convenient day,  
On thee I call.

I am persuaded, I come to-day;  
I am persuaded, turn not away,  
Truth now invites me here,  
Angels are lingering near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,  
Loved ones I come.

Fully persuaded, loved ones are near;  
Fully persuaded, no longer fear,  
Darkness now flees away,  
All now is bright as day,  
For angels come and say,  
There are none lost.

## Silver Chain Recitation.

A MODERN HERMON.  
Brother, the present an era of questionings;  
Nothing is taken for granted to-day;  
Science and reason are probing the best of things,  
Truth is the question they seek, and they say,  
Nothing is right because  
Time out of mind it was.  
Error is not the less gross that it's gray.

Hoary old fables and sanctified fairy tales  
Hail to explain any longer the why;  
Crops on the farm, or grass on the prairie, falls—  
Floods are so frequent, or fountains run dry;  
Only the scientists  
Relevant why insist.

Reason's because should be wisdom's reply.  
Meekly must man with his God-given faculties  
Swallow on faith what some driveller drools;  
Mute must he stand because Creed A. Co. shackled his  
Reason with dogmas and faith of the schools;  
Perish the blighting thought,  
Blind trust is folly fraught,  
Faith without reason's the wisdom of fools.

Forward! then, brothers in progress, nor hesitate;  
Learning and knowledge make men more apace,  
Facts and philosophy versus blind guess or fate,  
Mankind for man, and no circumscribed place;  
Freedom for foot and hand,  
Freedom for thought, speech and  
The whole human world for the whole human race.

'Neath such sledge-hammer blows, king-cumbered castles fall;  
Mystagogue companies' stocks are depressed;  
Reason and Right rise the chains of the vassals' thrall,  
Mind is expanded, and thought in unrest,  
Nothing stands still, nor can  
Movement in Nature's plan,  
Progress is truth in ubiquitous quest.

Onward! then, brothers, and fear not the orthodox  
Pakirs who frown on the course you pursue,  
Their least of all is discourse of the sort that talks  
Broad common sense from mankind's point of view.  
Man seeks his fellow-man's  
Good with heart, head, and hands,  
Creeds cater only to altar and pew.

## Lesson. Suggestive Outline.

[NOTE.—In the discussion of the lesson it should be a fundamental rule never to be departed from that in which all are expected to express their views fully and freely, there must not be any indulgence in personality or antagonistic debate. It is the truth, not what any individual thinks the truth to be, that should engage attention.]

## IS THE SPIRIT WORLD A REALITY?

The spirit land is real and substantial. Through every cycle of change that matter passes, some portions reach a higher state. There is no law of retrogression. Fragrance flows from blossoms: so spiritual elements constantly stream from the material world. The refined spiritual essences from this and other planetary worlds ascending into those vast ether regions, condense and gravitate, like purpling clouds fringed with gold, to their appropriate positions. These silver-edged strata, as arching zones stretching along the measureless blue above us, are too magnificent for description. Angels alone can tell their grandeur.

The spirit land, constituted, then, of the particles and etherialized essences from the many earths and systems that dot the universe, all bathed in the magnetic sunlight of an eternal morning, is no shadowy realm, but real and permanent.

Is it possible for a series of ethereal zones to surround the planets, invisible to mortal sight?

What relation do spirits hold to spiritual things? They must hold the same relation that man holds to material things.

Can spiritual beings give a just understanding of their world?

Only a shadowy one, for we have no words by which they can explain relations which do not exist on earth, and hence have no words by which they can be expressed.

The *The Lyceum Banner* (Eng.) publishes a list of sixty-one lyceums belonging, with few exceptions, to the Lyceum Union. The object of the union is to promote the general welfare of the movement by bringing the lyceums into closer sympathy and more united effort. For this purpose an annual conference and district assemblies will be held, and various other means will be employed as the occasion suggests.

The afternoon "Tea" appears to be a very popular form of entertainment with the English lyceums.

The Burial Service, by Hudson Tuttle, which has been repeatedly inquired for, is included in the *LYCEUM GUIDE*, and with it a fine selection of readings and music for such occasions.

A Spiritualist writes that he heard so much talk about heaven in the Sunday schools that he sincerely hopes the lyceum will not follow the example and give over the time to the spirit world, when in reality the conditions of this are the ones with which we are most interested. This is exactly where the lyceum stands distinctly alone. It holds that we are immortal beings, beginning here and now our infinite journey. We want to prepare to live, not to die, for we are assured, if we live rightly, the next existence, which is a continuity of this will be best cared for. By living rightly to-day the interest of to-morrow will be best subserved.

"We want the benefits of an organization, and that of the lyceum recommends itself to us, but we are so few in number." Thus writes a brother in the Northwest. If it is improvement and social enjoyment you seek, why should numbers count? If you can get together a half dozen in a parlor, or even in the one room of a pioneer cabin, you may have as rich a baptism as in a crowded hall.

The best thoughts of the world are all reported in the newspapers, and you can each bring some good selection, and thus, if you have not the magnetism of a trained speaker, you can, by instructing others, effectually improve yourselves.

## VERIFICATIONS.

Mrs. Louisa Henry, of 620 Central Avenue, this city, sends word that she recognizes the message from George Ernst that was given at the *LIGHT OF TRUTH* Free Circle, on January 9th, only having recently become aware of the fact.







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charge. Send for Circulars. Address:  
195 Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis.



## Miscellaneous Articles

### SATOLLI'S WARRANT.

The following is a translation of the communication in Latin from Pope Leo XIII. to Archbishop Satolli, appointing him Apostolic Delegate in the United States, defining his power in connection with the office, and declaring that whatever sentence or penalty Mgr. Satolli may inflict against those who oppose his authority will be ratified by the Apostolic Office:

"Leo XIII., Pope, to His Venerable Brother, Francisco Satolli, Titular Archbishop of Lepanto."

"Venerable Brother—Greeting and Apostolic blessing. "The Apostolic Office which the inscrutable designs of God have laid on our shoulders, unequal though they be to the burden, leads us in frequent remembrance of the solicitude incumbent on the Roman Pontiff to procure with watchful care the good of all the Churches. This solicitude requires that in all, even the remotest regions, the germ of dissension be weeded out, and the means which conduce to the increase of religion and the salvation of Christian souls be put into effect amidst the sweetness of peace. With this purpose in view, we, the Roman Pontiff, are wont to send from time to time to distant countries ecclesiastics who represent and act for the Holy See, that they may procure more speedily and energetically the good, prosperity, and happiness of Catholic peoples."

"For grave reasons the Churches of the United States of America demand of us special care and provision. Hence we came to the conclusion that an Apostolic delegation should be established in said States. After giving attentive and serious consideration to all the bearings of this step, and consulting with our venerable brothers, the cardinals in charge of the congregation for the propagation of the faith, we have chosen you, venerable brother, to be intrusted with such delegation. Your zeal and ardor for religion, your wide knowledge, skill in administration, prudence, wisdom, and other remarkable qualities of mind and heart, as well as the assentment of the said cardinals, justify our choice."

"Therefore, venerable brother, holding you in very special affection, we, by our Apostolic authority, and by virtue of these present letters, do elect, make, and declare you to be Apostolic Delegate in the United States of America at the good pleasure of ourself and of this Holy See. We grant you all and singular powers necessary and expedient for the carrying on of such delegation. We command all whom it concerns to recognize in you, as Apostolic Delegate, the supreme power of the delegating Pontiff. We command that they give you aid, concurrence, and obedience in all things; that they received with reverence your salutary admonitions and orders. Whatever sentence or penalties you shall declare or inflict duly against those who oppose your authority we will ratify, and with the authority given us by the Lord, will cause to be observed inviolably until condign satisfaction be made, notwithstanding constitutions and Apostolic ordinances, or any other to the contrary."

"Given at Rome, in St. Peter's, under the Fisherman's Ring, this 24th day of January, 1893, of our Pontificate the fifteenth year."

(Countersigned.)

SERAFINO CARDINAL VANUTELLI.

(Seal of Ring).

### DANGER IN ROMANISM.

Extract from a sermon by the Rev. J. Lansing, at Denver, Colo.

In Massachusetts, in 1885, of the 3,426 in prisons, 1,377 had one or both parents born in Ireland; of 3,246 in prisons, only 257 had both their parents born in Massachusetts; of 8,394 paupers, 5,320 had Irish parents; of 122,263 illiterate, 13,898 were native born, while 108,365 were foreign born. Nineteen per cent. of the people in Massachusetts in 1885 who could not read and write were Canadian, 55 per cent. were Irish, and 28-100 of the illiterates of Massachusetts were born of parents who were natives of this State. The Roman Catholic Church is depending on the least competent and least moral elements of society to govern the State. But they are also relying on military societies, which they are forming all over this country under the sanction of the priests, preparing for a revolution. The names of some of them are: The Ancient Order of Hibernians, Irish-American Society, Knights of St. Patrick, St. Paul's Cadets, Apostles of Liberty, Knights of the Red Branch, Knights of St. Peter, Benevolent Sons of the Emerald Isle, Knights of Columbkille, the Clan-na-Gael, (which has a horrible history in this country) and of late they are relying to some extent on the Knights of Labor, since they gave their allegiance, through Mr. Powderly, to Cardinal Gibbons and the Pope. In Denver, Colo., there are military companies composed exclusively of Irish Roman Catholics armed with Winchester rifles."

I want to ask you if our militia are armed with Winchester rifles, and if they are not, I want to know who gave these Winchester rifles, the best arms in the military service, to the Irish Roman Catholics? May I ask who would give Winchester rifles to Methodists and Congregationalists, if they should arm for the public defense? If I were, as I am not, a member of the Order of United American Mechanics, I would buy guns and learn how to use them. Not because I desire to precipitate conflict, but for the precisely opposite reason, because I desire to make conflict impossible by furnishing a national police who are not in subordination to the Pope of Rome. When I observe these military and semi-military companies; when I know that a very large portion of the police of great cities are of the same nationality, in the same ecclesiastical relation and all dominated by the priests, I see in it all a fixed plan to precipitate a catastrophe for American liberty."

But, you say, what does all this amount to? I answer, that it amounts to this, that Gregory XVI. said that there was no place in the world where he was Pope so much as he was in America. Pius IX. uttered the same sentiment. Leo XIII. confidently relies upon the same supposition. It reminds me, friends, that in every other land on the globe, the Roman Catholic hierarchy is looked upon with suspicion and watched as an enemy, save in the United States, where it is blindfolding the people and arming the assassins of liberty. Well, you say, all this in the way of preparation. Now, what have they accomplished? They have already secured control of all the strategic points in America. Notice in New York City, where every thing is subordinate to the Papacy, politically, morally, and financially. The mayor, Hugh J. Grant, publicly knelt to Corrigan, the archbishop, before a great audience in a public hall, in March of 1892, and kissed the prelate's hand in token of submission. This Mayor Grant, says the *New York Times*, can not compose and write a respectable English letter to save his life. A list of the municipal officers of the city of New York shows to what an extent they have gained control. Boston, which we glory in as the modern Athens, and which is in danger of becoming the modern Cork. The Boston which we remember as associated with the earliest struggles of American liberty and which may be associated with its latest conflicts; the Boston which we once thought of possessing the most eminent names of the foremost citizens and leading literary men of the country; the Boston of Samuel Adams, Warren, Hancock; of Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips. Forty years ago nearly all the money which was paid out of the public treasury was paid to officers with AMERICAN NAMES and PROTESTANT LINEAGE. To-day, of

about \$5,000,000 paid out of the treasury, nearly \$5,000,000 is paid to Roman Catholics, in sums varying from \$5,000 a year down to day wages. Four thousand and more of the employees of the city of Boston are Roman Catholics who pay tax to the priests. Boston to-day is almost a Roman Catholic city. In 1888 Mayor O'Brien closed its public library on St. Patrick's Day. This is very suggestive, for saints' days and all which they involve have closed up the public intelligence of many a nation, and would do the same in this country if Rome had its way. I do not object to the nationality of any man, but while I live I shall object to the control of the Papacy in this Republic.

### "MY RESCUE FROM THE CONVENT."

In her address on the above subject, Mrs. Slattery, at Greenwood Hall, in Cincinnati, recently, said that she was sent from her Catholic home to a convent at the Abbey of Poor Claires in Ireland when she was seven years old. There she remained at school nine years. She was sent there to receive an education. Like all others who go to Catholic convents she declared she was robbed of an education. Protestant girls come from convents either out and out Romanists or Catholics at heart.

After graduating she returned to the home of her guardian and uncle, a priest. On his advice she entered the same convent as a novice. She declared then, like all other young women who enter convents, she had high ideas of the sweet contentment and happiness to be found therein. She was much disappointed, because the sweet-faced teachers of the school-room became the hardest of taskmasters to her as a novice. If there is a hell on earth, she declared, it is in the convents. There are no friends there, everybody is a spy.

Her mother superior, she declared, was a high-tempered Irish woman, who drank "stout" for health and happiness. She put her to all manner of tasks, and when they were done properly and promptly the mother would get angry, dash the work to pieces and make her do it over again. These and other such troubles made her dissatisfied. The longer she remained in the convent the more dissatisfied she became. She declared that the heads of such institutions were guilty of murder, in that they neglected the sick members. They were taught they should not fear to die. Few nuns, she declared, ever lived to be forty-five years old, the majority dying with consumption. "While it is hard to live there, it is worse to leave. Woe, woe to the woman who puts on the dress of a sister and wears it, but greater woe to her who puts it on and then takes it off."

When she first became dissatisfied, which was because the mother made her set the table for dinner twelve times, she started to leave. She met Sister Mary Agnes, now living as an ex-nun in New York, who persuaded her to remain. She did so. She offended the mother again, and when she asked forgiveness she was answered, "I'll have to forgive you, you hussy. Now, kneel down and kiss my feet." She says she was then made to kiss the floor where the foot had been, and, while doing the latter, the mother placed her foot on her neck to exemplify her superior power.

Her sisterhood required that novices bring with them handsome wardrobes. These, she declared, were sold to the young ladies in the school, or shipped to the nearest city to be sold. It also required a vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Chastity prevented them from speaking to a man. Even priests were not exceptions. Here she declared significantly that the rules were sometimes made to be broken.

"The sisters do not fast," said she, "but they live on the fat of the land. The sisters do the praying, the orphans do the fasting."

The familiarity of Father Pat Smith and some other priests aggravated her discontent. Father Pat, she said, would come to the convent drunk and make the nuns wash his feet. If they refused they were punished by being forced to do extra work.

One of the virtues preached about in convents is discipline. During Lent this required that every Friday they should go their rooms, strip their shoulders and lash themselves with a whip. If they failed to do this they were brought into the community room and publicly lashed until their shoulders were raw and bloody. Many would leave if they had any hope of being permitted to live on the outside. Government examination of such institutions and protection to those found therein who want to leave, should be instituted, said she.

For two years and a half, she declared, she endured this life of torment. Constant bickerings between the sisters, cruelty of the superioress, insults from the priests and humiliation in other ways, she said, were too much for her, and finally she decided for good to leave the institution. As all letters were read by the superioress, and only those she approved allowed to pass, she hardly knew how to act. She wrote a note to a Catholic aunt and slipped it into her hand one day when she came to see her. Instead of helping her this aunt turned it over to the superioress. "Blood may be thicker than water," she declared, "but a Catholic first and a relative afterward."

Finally, after two or three months, she succeeded in having one of the pupils at the school tell her aunt, Lady Morton, that she wanted to see her. She came to the convent, but was told that Sister Mary Elizabeth (that was my name) had become such a pious, good woman she no longer wished to mingle with her relatives of the world. "This made my aunt mad," said she "and she demanded that I be permitted to come into the room. Eventually I was permitted to see my aunt. When she asked me if I wanted to leave I was almost afraid to say yes. In fact, the first thing they do with you in a convent is to break your spirit. I finally secured courage enough to say I wanted to leave and my aunt took me away. The mother superior denounced us roundly, and the Catholics have ever since continued to do so. From that day to this my aunt has not been able to employ a Catholic house girl or cook."

"When I had gone from the convent I was still a Catholic. Yet, when I went to Church I heard the priest denounce me from the pulpit. I went to the grave of my parents in the Catholic cemetery near by, and, while kneeling there, was rudely shoved away by a woman who declared that my presence was a desecration of the sod on which I stood. Even the children were taught to hound me."

"I then came to America. Here I heard Henry Ward Beecher, and under him and ex-Father McNamara I was converted to Christianity. I was baptized and taken into the Washington Avenue Baptist Church in Brooklyn, July 11, 1886. Ever since then have I labored to break down the walls of Catholicism. In Washington city we converted fourteen ex-Romanists."

Rome has said that in 1900 she will possess America! How will she get it? By bribery if possible, by the bayonet if necessary. You say this is so much rot. If it is, why have you six divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in this country? It is a military—exclusively Roman organization, to which none are admitted who are not born of Irish parents, who is not a Roman Catholic, and who is not able to go through the manual of arms. Why have you scattered over this country thousands and tens of thousands of Irish Roman Catholic soldiers? The very fact that this religio-political monstrosity has these military companies, armed and drilled, proves that they will try to substitute, at sometime, the Pope for the president, and make the Catholic religion the State religion.—*Toledo American*.

## SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

For sale at the Office of THE LIGHT OF TRUTH, Room 7, 206 Race St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The following list contains most of the best works on the philosophy and science of spiritualism and kindred subjects, which are kept in stock at this office. Remitt by postoffice money order, registered letter, or draft on Cincinnati or New York. Do not send drafts on local banks. Stamps must positively not be taken in payment. Send all orders and make all remittances payable to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

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## NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Read Cincinnati Society service notes of to day for points to be taken into consideration.

—Mrs. Kopp's advertisement makes her hold séances at 525 Central Avenue, when it should read 535, which error will be noted by those interested.

—The *Knights* (Eng.) News gives Brother J. J. Morse a very flattering notice concerning his visit to that city to lecture on Spiritualism. Editor Morse's conversion has opened the eyes of many sleepy journalists.

—All will be glad to know that Miss Abby A. Judson's health has been fully restored by a partial rest, and that this faithful worker will not have to cease her labors for what she terms "the grandest cause in the universe." Her letters will soon be resumed.

—Those seeking light through our Free Circle should remember that foolish and frivolous questions are not recognized as legitimate, a number having been sent causing us to make this statement. All honest, earnest, and reasonable questions are sent in for solution.

—Wednesday evening, March 23, at 8 o'clock sharp, a trumpet circle will be given by some of the best local mediums in the city, under the auspices of the Union Society at C. A. R. Hall. Tickets of admission 25 cents. No tickets sold at the door on the above evening.

—Mrs. Plymouth Weeks, that indefatigable worker for humanity and the cause of Spiritualism, has changed her place of residence to 15 Kenyon Avenue, between Mound and Catter Streets, where those desiring spiritual comfort will find her ready to respond to their heart's appeals.

—While we prefer manuscript to be written with ink to lead pencil, except a good one be used, and on white paper, we would request some of our pen correspondents not to water their ink. While it may not be noticeable to the writer who bends closely over his or her paper, it is very annoying to the printer who has to see it from a distance of nearly two feet.

—Business matters should not be appended to, or interwoven with correspondence intended for publication, as such are very apt to be overlooked in the counting-room, and simply omitted in the editorial department in preparing the correspondence for the printer. Note business matters on a separate sheet, and in as brief terms as possible, as our large mail makes this request a necessity.

—H. W. Archer is at 184 South Sciota Street, Columbus, O., and will remain there till March 17th, from where he goes to Springfield, O. He has been giving séances to large audiences, and is meeting with splendid success. He will return to Cincinnati April 1st, in time for anniversary exercises, being engaged to give platform tests for the Society of Union Spiritualists during the session.

—Active preparations are being made—the Ladies' Aid as usual doing the angelic work—for the anniversary, which is to be celebrated by the Union Society, on April 21, 31, 4th, and 5th. This time it will be mostly in the hands of home talent. The first day, Sunday, three services will be held at the C. A. R. Hall. Monday afternoon, conference; in the evening lecture and tests. Tuesday, services in the morning and afternoon. Wednesday evening the celebration closes with a supper and dance. All those who love the cause are invited to donate in some form, either by lending their services, or flowers and pictures, or by sending something substantial to the ladies, who are doing the supper act.

—Mrs. Colby-Luther will lecture on the "Aggressions of the Roman Catholic Church, which, under the guise of religion, is seeking to destroy our public schools, overthrow republican institutions, and eventually our constitutional and religious liberty," at Greenwood Hall, corner Sixth and Vine Streets, on Wednesday evenings, March 22d and 29th, at 7:30 o'clock sharp. Admission 25 cents. Mrs. Luther was employed by the United States Government during the war, speaking in the disloyal districts of Indiana, Illinois, and portions of Missouri; and worked for the State Central Committee for both of General Grant's campaigns. She has occupied a more prominent position in the political condition of the country than any other woman in the United States.

—Mrs. A. H. Luther spoke to a small but select audience on Wednesday evening, the 5th inst., at C. A. R. Hall, concerning the aggressions of Romanism on this country. It was a continuation of Sunday's theme, and the second chapter in the series to follow. In it she bared the Chiniquy prosecution and trial, and how he was saved from imprisonment by the testimony of a lady who had overheard the concocting of the plan to get him out of the way. Abraham Lincoln was the defendant's lawyer at the time, and because he defended an ex priest the Roman Church never forgave him—this leading in part to his assassination while president. It was an interesting discourse throughout, and well repaid those who ventured out in the face of a threatening thunderstorm.

—The cause in Cleveland, O., has met with a severe loss in the transition of Brother S. A. Jewett. Besides being a bright light in the ranks of spiritual reform, he was a leading and well-known citizen of the aforementioned city. His passing out of the earthly tenement took place on Wednesday evening, the 8th inst., at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he had gone for his health, Bright's Disease being the physical ailment that needed attention, and which effected his physical death. The remains were taken to Cleveland for interment, where Mrs. R. S. Lillie conducted the funeral services on Sunday, the 12th, at his late residence, 327 Sibley Street. Mr. Jewett is mourned for his absence by many, but he will not be missed by those whose love for him is sincere enough to interblend with him in spirit, and thus sense his presence. Such is the comfort of the intelligent or sympathetic Spiritualist.

—The Ethical Spiritualist Society met at 3 p. m. last Sunday afternoon at 227 Main Street. The hall was comfortably filled, which was gratifying, as being only the second afternoon meeting it had not been extensively advertised. Mrs. Ricker opened services by reading a poem, giving a short opening address, answering a number of questions sent up from the audience, and giving a number of spirit tests and readings, which gave universal satisfaction. At night the house was again filled by an intelligent and appreciative audience. Mrs. Ricker does not give an invocation, but reads a poem. She then answered questions from the audience and gave tests. She was followed by Mrs. Fox, who gave some grand tests; also an improvised poem that showed quickness of conception on the part of her control to make use of a theme given that marks her as a witty and successful control. Services as usual next Sunday afternoon and night.

—Whether due to Mrs. Luther's power of attraction or the fine weather, the Union Society services were well attended last Sunday, both morning and evening. But as Mrs. Luther has good attendance even in bad weather the credit may be given to her. Her evening subject for discourse was, "Is Spiritualism in harmony with our Declaration of Independence?" It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Luther reached a conclusion in the affirmative, but the manner in getting there can not be expressed in cold print. The entire argument was one blaze of eloquence from its very inception to its close. She took for her text nearly the entire introduction of the Declaration, "When in the course of human events," etc., and led out from this into the philosophy of Spiritualism as a whole, and compared the two as a part of one revelation—one issue with exactly the same aim. She showed by analogy that both were the effects of the spirit world, and that both depended on the spirit hosts for success, considering the odds that both had to contend against—the colonists against the greatest political regime, England, and Spiritualism against the greatest religious regime, Christianity. Then she showed how both succeeded without a God in them, and to what fact their success was attributable. Not that she had any contempt for anybody's God, only she thought it strange that people couldn't see that a God always proved a hindrance to progress rather than an aid—no God according to history having ever given man any scientific revelations, or such as would permit him to see the light of truth. All Gods so far as known have kept man in ignorance and in slavery. It was left for the United States Constitution, without a God in it, to give man absolute freedom to investigate, as he felt inclined, and for Spiritualism to give him mental freedom. Much was said by the way of interpolation that was interesting, amusing, and inspiring, and which elicited frequent applause, but the aforesaid shows the drift of the argument, and from which a great deal might be inferred. Mrs. Luther speaks two more Sundays, which will close her engagement here for the season, and behooves the friends to give her a good send-off. After the lecture Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Roper gave tests, the former giving about a dozen very excellent ones, and the latter medium about twenty. Both of these ladies have something in their mediumship which commends them. They are both curt and without guile, giving what comes to them in a natural way, and pass from one to the other without long preliminary or after-effort,

whether a test is acknowledged or not. It makes this part of the service as interesting to the non-recipients of tests as those who receive them, and thus get the good will of the audience as their reward, which is worth a great deal to mediums, and makes them both popular and welcome in public assemblies. They have both offered their services to the Union Society for a continuance of their work, and attendants may best often have the pleasure of receiving them. After the test-giving Mrs. Hammett, of Encinitas, California, addressed the audience in behalf of the Mediums' Home, which is now in the course of erection at above named place. She said the home was beautifully situated on 160 acres of land, donated by herself, and lying between the mountains and the ocean, on an elevation of about 100 feet above the sea level. Her object here, and elsewhere in her travels, was to raise funds to complete the home, which was intended to take care of mediums in need and ill health, and especially those laboring under adverse influences thrown on them by mortal and spirit oppressors of the cause. While there are comparatively few of the thousands of mediums whose sensitive nature make them a prey to such conditions, yet there are many, when we consider that not one should be neglected in this event. Thus a home for them had become a necessity in that part of the country, and she had made it her mission to complete one if life was spared her long enough to carry out her designs. Contributions were therefore solicited. A very satisfactory one was raised at the two sessions of the Union Society last Sunday, and we bespeak for her a generous response by all to whom she may apply.

## New York City.

A Spiritualist fair, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society, will be held in Adelphi Hall, Fifty-second Street and Seventh Ave., during the afternoon and evenings of March 29, 30, and 31, 1893. Donations of useful, fancy, and miscellaneous articles are earnestly solicited, and may be sent to the following addresses: Mrs. Henry J. Newton, 128 West Forty-third Street, New York City; Mrs. Simpson Smith, 50 West Ninety-sixth Street, New York City; Miss M. A. Stodder, 61 Grove Street, New York City; Mrs. Milton J. Rathbun, 18 Summit Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

The Forty-Fifth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated at Carnegie Music Hall, Sunday, April 2, 1893, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m. The order of exercises are: Introductory remarks by Henry J. Newton; address, L. O. Robertson; song, Miss Minna Herzog; address, Mrs. Milton Rathbun; address, Walter Howell; song, Robert de Leon Myers; address, Luther R. Marsh; address, Mrs. M. E. Williams; song, Miss Minna Herzog; address, M. M. Pomeoy; psychometric readings and platform tests by Dr. C. C. B. Ewell; song, Robert de Leon Myers; address, J. Clegg Wright. Admission, 25 cents.

Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane was removed by me to the residence of her old-time friend, Mrs. Emily B. Ruggles, 492 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 6th. Mrs. Ruggles watched with her through that night. Tuesday night I alone sat by her side till between the hours of four and five o'clock Wednesday morning, when her spirit took its flight, and she passed quietly away without a moan or struggle.

Her funeral services took place at Bradbury Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday evening at 8 o'clock, March 10, 1893, under the auspices of the Woman's Progressive Union, Mrs. Mary E. Gridley, Mrs. Nellie Brigham, Walter Howell, and others officiating. Her remains were placed beside her Sister Katie in the receiving vault at Greenwood. And now, dear brother, let us appeal to the Spiritualist friends and admirers of Dr. Eliza Kane for contributions towards procuring a suitable burial place for the sisters as soon as possible, as the rules of the cemetery require the removal of Katie's remains from the vault in about two months from this date.

## In Memoriam of Margaret Fox-Kane.

The death of this really noted woman at the residence of Mrs. Ruggles, in Brooklyn, deserves more than a passing notice, and she should now (at least) receive some praise, and justification for her long life of trials, and very great works for humanity. I am thankful with many others that she at last was released from all those trials and vicissitudes for, I trust, a higher spiritual distance.

Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane was one of the noted Fox sisters, whose raps and wonderful manifestations at Hydesville, near Rochester, was really the initial—the first positive revelation of the spirit power to manifest, contrary to all known laws of science, electricity, magnetism, etc., giving raps, moving tables, and making noises. And these proofs gave to the world the first positive tangible idea of spirits living, acting, influencing, controlling, and the sublime fact that with right conditions they can manifest and make known their presence to us.

These Fox sisters were great mediums. Sensitive, susceptible and easily influenced or controlled; and thus used for this great purpose. From the date of their first rap these same influences continued to manifest through other mediums with numerous other tests and spirit powers throughout all the world, and these Fox sisters always continued more or less mediums.

Of the cruel tests, repeated trials, and the many (so-called scientific expert investigations, (really persecutions,) they endured, we will not now write, but only seek to justify their name and fame, and throw the mantle of charity over the weaknesses of the departed.

It was no wonder that when drugged, compelled to drink intoxicating liquors, cruelly persecuted, that Margaret Fox-Kane fell. Human nature is weak, and all in like conditions will sin and suffer, and thus this woman. But now it becomes us to consider fairly the life, character and works, accomplished by the Fox sisters. There are millions of Spiritualists the world over who feel indebted, and bless their memory for some evidence of new light, teachings of the higher religion, and a more blessed belief in immortality. And with this faith and progress we see how gradually the creeds and dogmas, and the old platonic views are changing to new, and higher, and more glorious spiritual faith, which is evidenced by larger ideas of faith and hope, and greater works of love and charity. And thus the world and future historians will write of the life, trials and good deeds, accomplished by Margaret Fox-Kane. Respectfully yours,

SYLVANUS LYON.

## Buffalo, N. Y.

Our society is in a good and prosperous condition, and the report that we were in any way demoralized is a false one, for we were never in a better condition to spread the truth from that other and higher life than at present.

Mrs. H. S. Lake has just left us after serving us all February, and talking to crowded houses. And this month of March Oscar A. Edgerly is talking to full houses with good success.

J. W. Dennis, that old white-haired veteran worker, puts his shoulder to the work and helps make a success of it, and also talks to the little ones of our lyceum class each Sunday. We have the finest lyceum in the State, with over twenty scholars.

Mrs. Harriet Van Buskirk is a hard worker, and is on hand most of the time, and, as she says, our society must go, so it will go, for she means what she says.

And our enemies can't make us over into a Church, nor a convent. We won't have it so. Fraternally yours, HENRY VAN BUSKIRK, Pres't.

## Springfield, Mass.

A very profitable month has just passed for the Spiritualists of this city. W. F. Peck has filled his engagement with unusual satisfaction, and closed his lectures Sunday evening, Feb. 26th, with a very practical discourse to young people, on how to start right in business and domestic life. His remarks on proper marriage, and how to secure happiness in married life were very valuable and were listened to by a full audience, many of whom were young men and women.

Mr. Peck holds his audience's attention closely, because he has something to say and he says it in an attractive manner. Every time he has discussed shows careful preparation and clear conclusions. He will be here again in May. At the last meeting, Sunday evening, Feb. 26th, Mrs. Livingston recited with heartfelt effect a fine poem. Mr. J. Frank Baxter gave a course of lectures and séances in the city the Sundays of March. His ability as a public test medium and singer is well known, and his lectures are full of evidence that he is a close observer, a scholar and intensely in earnest.

The literary entertainment of the Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, under the active direction of the committee on amusements, Mrs. Livingston, chairman, have been made exceptionally attractive the past month by the dramatic and musical ability of Mrs. Peck. At the closing entertainment, Feb. 23rd, there were given a series of musical recitals, readings, etc., concluding with a very amusing play; the actors in which were Mr. Peck and Miss Alida Kendall. The play was entitled "The Happy Family." Mr. Peck excels particularly in the actor's line, and Miss Kendall rendering of her part was a

charming surprise, showing that she possesses dramatic talent of special merit.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. Adams played a piano solo, full of liquid melody and lovely strains; Herbert White explained the ill that came at home, after the family had "been to the circus," Mr. Peck, Mrs. Gebb, and Mr. and Mrs. Wightman sang finely that beautiful song, "Come where the lilacs bloom." Miss Amy White, in her rendering of a piano solo was especially artistic; Miss Grace Colby recited "Little Joe" with touching pathos, and Master Raymond Colby as usual, brought down the house by his child-like rendering of one of his little pithy starz: Mr. Peck's "King Fun" song was a bit of spice that helped to season the evening well; Miss Lula Knight cutely recited, "The mare is not for sale." Mr. Henry White with violin, and Miss Amy White with piano, gave the audience a taste of finished melody that was very pleasing.

Miss Mamie Doyle, a young contralto of much promise, rendered a sweet song, which was followed by Master Herbert White, with a pretty piano solo; "Snicker's Nose" is recited by Mr. Peck, convulsed the audience with laughter; Mr. Fred Hart with guitar, carried us to sunny days in dreamy summer, and filled all with pious thoughts of the coming bird songs of spring.

A cordial vote of thanks was passed to all who had assisted, and the treasurer summed the receipts of the evening as nearly twenty dollars.

The Children's Lyceum is going on successfully. Flags have been procured. Marching, singing, instructions and recitations by the children are making so interesting the sessions that a number of matured people remain to witness the exercises. Mrs. Morley is the conductor; Mrs. Dr. Hawkins, Mrs. Colby, Miss Kendall are teachers; and Mrs. Livingston guardian; Mr. Fred Hart and Miss Kendall superintendent the marching; Bro. Peck has given the school special drill in calisthenics.

Mrs. Dr. Lottie J. Darling, the noted trance medium, still remains at the Chandler House, and finds an increasing patronage. She and her husband are Spiritualists who are willing to be known as such, but they have plenty of evening investigators and some Spiritualists who are cowards.

## New Orleans, La.

Sunday, March 5th, Dr. H. T. Stanley spoke on different subjects and gave tests. "Big Wood," his Indian guide, after shaking hands with the chairman and several others on the platform, also gave some good tests.

Mr. Cordingly then took the platform for a few minutes; quoted some poetry and gave a few tests. The meeting was closed by an invocation from Mr. Stanley.

On Monday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Capt. Sanders delivered a lecture on the "Laws of Nature."

Dr. John W. Allen, who was formerly president of our Society here, passed to spirit life Monday, March 6th, at 7 o'clock, at the age of eighty-one years. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and a resident of New Orleans for the past fifty years, and a Spiritualist for forty-three years. He was the first one who dared to stand up and preach our beautiful philosophy; the first one to put his hand in his pocket to help build up our society. His funeral took place Tuesday at two o'clock, from his late residence, 649 Magazine street. The funeral services were opened by the Order of the O. d. Fellows. It was requested by Dr. Allen (when in the body) and the family, that Dr. Geo. P. Benson and Bro. A. C. Ladd would join in the services, which they did by opening with one verse of "Nearer My God to Thee," a favorite of Dr. Allen's, an invocation by Bro. Benson, which was very touching, and a few remarks. Bro. Ladd then, very feelingly, delivered a sermon on "Ye must be born again or ye can not enter the kingdom of God." There was not a dry eye in the house. The Odd Fellows were the pall bearers, and he was buried in their cemetery. Flowers were in profusion. On the coffin was laid a large triangle of white flowers, the emblem of Spiritualism, "Wisdom, Justice, and Mercy," inside of the triangle was a white dove on a pedestal with wings outspread and looking upward.

Again at the grave Mr. Ladd eloquently spoke, and I verily believe that all the Odd Fellows will soon be Spiritualists. Said Mr. Ladd: "Death is the separation of the body and spirit, the second life, the resurrection."

"Not dead, but just passed over."  
The mighty river the other shore.  
To receive the joyful greetings  
From his loved ones who have gone before."

On Sunday, March 5th, Rev. W. S. Penick, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Shreveport, La., preached a sermon on "Separation of the Church and State," taking as a text, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's."

After an extended discourse on religious liberty and American freedom, the reverend gentleman, presented an eloquent and elaborate argument in behalf of the public school system as the mode of preserving, protecting, and perfecting our liberal American institutions and rights. He advanced the thought that so grand was the theme and theory of perfect freedom in America that prayer in the National Congress and state assemblies should be dispensed with as in conflict with the guaranteed and reserved rights of its members whose creed or want of creed was not in consonance with that of the chaplains of such bodies. He then discussed the impropriety of prayer and Bible reading in public schools as imposing on some of its attendants, who, as Jews or Catholics, were non-believers in its doctrines, and as contravening the spirit of religious liberty and American freedom.

The position of Dr. Penick on this subject is very similar to that of Bishop Galloway, of Mississippi, head of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, who has frequently declared himself as opposed to the use of the Bible in the public schools, and regrets that many religious parents withhold their children from attending the public schools because there is no Bible in the daily exercises. The open avowal of Bishop Galloway, Dr. Penick, and other well-known Protestant ministers for the non-use of the Bible in public schools and the modified position of the Catholic Church will have much influence in behalf of upbuilding this great work heretofore retarded by religious prejudice, and within the near future much important discussion, looking to the eradication of such opposition, may be expected in the South.

MABEL KLINE.

## OBITUARY.

Passed to spirit life, Mrs. James Wilson, on February 25, 1893, aged forty-one years, three months and two days.

The funeral services were held at the residence of her mother, Mrs. M. H. Colby, South St. Clair Street, Painesville, Ohio.

Mrs. Wilson had been a great sufferer for years, but her patient disposition endeared her to all, and the news of her death was a shock to her many friends and acquaintances, although it had been known for some time that she could not recover.

In the home and in the large circle of friends she will be sadly missed. But a ray of light shines through that dark cloud—we shall meet again.

MRS. C. C. BROWN.

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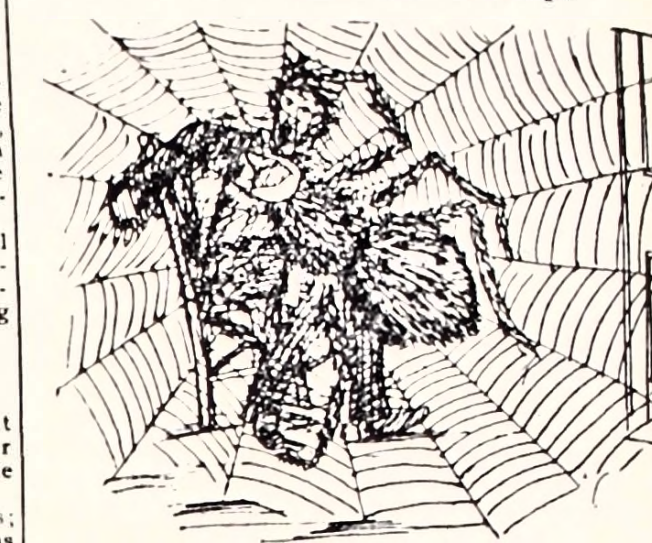
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## Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Kates and self find a great change in external conditions here from our experiences in Colorado. We have escaped severe winter weather until we came east of the Mississippi. But there is no winter in the mind of a Spiritualist. Here we find warm hearts and genial souls, as we did then. With summer in the soul we can brave the physical winter.

The First Spiritual Church, of Pittsburg, seems to be in a prosperous condition. They usually enjoy large audiences that overtop their commodious hall. Mr. Wiggins preceded us and has created still greater interest, the hall being unable to accommodate the crowds.

Our first meetings have been before the same quantity of eager searchers for thought and evidence in the greatest inquiry that ever engrossed human desire. Anxiety to know there is a life continuous is all absorbing. The Pittsburg Spiritualists are always liberal with any needy person's cause. They believe in helping.

A certain Mrs. Hammett, purporting to have land in California, owned to a Mediums' Home, has been traveling several years to raise funds to further endow the institution. A collection for her here amounted to twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents. If she has a worthy location and her efforts are proper, she should be helped in a manner to save so much expense and labor. Information is necessary. Mediums' homes and local temples should be multiplied—and every locality has its burden. It is grand and noble to help others. Local selfishness should not dominate; but local extravagance should not paralyze their own prospects of usefulness.

G. W. KATES.

## Cleveland, O.

Our society had such a treat this afternoon in being permitted to listen to a discourse on "Pneumology and its relations to Spiritualism," by Professor D. M. King, of Mantua Station, O., that I feel in duty bound to acquaint you with the fact. There is a spiritual and mental benefit to be derived from the teachings of our Brother King, of which the followers of our cause have just reason to feel proud. The professor unites the two sciences in such a clear and precise way as to make it easily understood by those having had the least opportunity for education, and at the same time giving kernels of thought to the scholars and students present. We were at intervals thrown into ecstasy by the humor, and again into profound silence by the earnestness and spirit of his illustrations. Suffice it to say to those desiring to enjoy the benefits of that in which we were participants could do no better than to get the professor to give them one or more of his numerous lectures on subjects of this kind.

After the lecture the professor gave three very good readings, which culminated the afternoon entertainment in a very satisfactory manner.

Feeling that if you will give this report space in your valuable paper some society may avail itself of the opportunity of listening to Professor King. We remain respectfully,

CHARLES L. GENSEL.

For The West Side Spiritualist Society.

## Fort Wayne, Ind.

It seems that the Fort Wayne Occult Science Society had come to stay. At the meeting last evening the question of purchasing a lot and erecting a building was seriously discussed.

The membership has grown so large that either removal to more commodious quarters or throwing two rooms into one at the present location will have to be resorted to.

Last Sunday was a gr at day for the society. Three very interesting séances were held, at each of which were represented prominent people of all classes and shades of belief; the Materialist, Agnostic, Infidel, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, Methodist, Catholic, Lutheran, Christian, all were there and equally impressed with the wonderful, mysterious phenomena exhibited.

Ebe celebrated medium, Mrs. Seery Hibbetts, will return for a two weeks' stay with the society on the 12th inst.

A number of engagements have been made with her for private sittings at private residences for the benefit and satisfaction of private investigators who are among the most prominent citizens of Fort Wayne. Where the circle is so large, no one member of it can get such personal satisfaction (save in hearing the varied conversations in varied languages in a promiscuous circle) as can be received in a private seance.

Canton, O.—There are no public mediums in Canton, but there are quite a number of Spiritualists, and some of them would make good mediums if they had proper opportunities. Mrs. Carrie Van Duzee, of Geneva, O., spent two days of last month with us. She gave two lectures in our city hall which were well attended. She also held two seances which were very satisfactory. All who met her were pleased. Will you kindly give notice of her work here in your LIGHT OF TRUTH and oblige, yours very respectfully, MARY S. STANLEY.